White and Blue

The White and Blue

No. 12 Vol. XXIV

Provo, Utah, December 22, 1920

Christmas Edition, 1920

A Merry
Christmas
and
a
Bright
New Year

PRINCETON DEBATE TO-NIGHT

College Hall, 7:45 P. M.---"Y's" Greatest Debate. All Out

Tonight the Brigham Young University meets the Princeton three in debate. The question is: "Resolved that Congress should pass a Law Prohibiting Strikes in Essential Industries, Constitutionality Conceded." The question is one of our most vital social problems and the arguments for both sides are extremely interesting. The question seems to be a very fair one. Princeton however, will have some advantage over our men as they will have met several other teams debating the same question before they come to the "Y". Princeton University is recognized throughout the nation as one of our three greatest universities, and we feel it an honor as well as a great privilege to debate "one of the big three". The Princeton men are remarkably strong in oral English and it is expected that they will be very well informed on the question. The easterners are: Charles Denby, of Washington D. C., John F. Currie, Buffalo, New York, and Alfred McCormack, the captain, of Brooklyn, New York.

The "Y" has a remarkably strong team and the boys have been working hard to bring victory to the "Y". George Ballif, our student body president and one of the team has a remarkable record. He was president of the student body at the Ricks Normal College and won several high school forensic contests. While in France Mr. Ballif was a member of the 91st division debating team, which team scored a victory in every contest that it entered. Last year he was a member of the "Y" debating team that defeated the University of Utah.

Ernest Wilkinson, another member of the team, was president of the student body at the Weber Normal College for two years, and was the winner of several forensic contests. Last year Mr. Wilkinson won the Rulon Dixon Silver Cup for extemporaneous speaking, and was also a member of the team that defeated the University of Nevada in debate. This year he is editor of the White and Blue. He was a member of the State High School Debating Championship team in 1916.

Hyrum Harter was a member of the state high school championship debating team in 1918, and was the winner of several high school oratorical contests. The fact that Mr. Harter is a Sohpomore and has made the Princeton team is evidence of his ability.

Princeton gave the B. Y. U. the responsibility of selecting competent judges for the debate. The best judges in Utah have accordingly been chosen: Judge Elmer E. Corffman, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, Judge Samuel R. Thurman Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, and Judge Harold Stephens, who was a Candidate for the Supreme Court in the last election, have consented to act as the "Supreme Court" in rendering the decision.

Plans are being made for the entertainment of the easterners and we intend to give them a taste of real western hospitality. Much enthusiasm is being manifested throughout the university and we expect to be one-hundred per cent present to see and hear the most famous debate in the history of the University.

A RURAL CHRISTMAS

First Prize Christmas Story

By Louise Dastrup

"Doris!"

The girl, huddled in a heap on the floor with her head resting on the low window sill, stirred impatiently.

"Oh, Doris!"

"I do wish they would let me alone tonight. It's bad enough for them to drive me off down here when I didn't want to come," she muttered. Then aloud, "Yes, I'm coming."

She stared gloomily for a moment into the deepening blueness of the winter twilight Then rising awkardly to her feet she started for the door.

Daddy Millar had arranged late yesterday, to bring the family to Rockford for the holidays. Doris alone had opposed the plan, but of course the opposition of Doris did not count. As she rather forcibly expressed it, she didn't want to spend Christmas in this old God-forsaken wilderness. She had had enough of that in her life, and now she would like to experience a little civilization. Really she didn't want to die during the holidays when so much would be doing. Nobody listened. She even conceded that it might be quite thrilling if they were only going somewhere where something would happen. Nobody paid any attention but Bob, who simply looked at her rather disgustingly and said nothing. The family were particularly anxious to spend one more Christmas in the old home. So now she was here and back in "Civilization" all kinds of things were going on that she was compelled to miss. This certainly was some Christmas Eve.

As she came blinking into the light living room, she was greeted with, "Hello, Doris! You didn't seem a bit glad to see us."

Doris was glad—as much as her mood would alow her to be when she saw her old chums, Madge and Lucille coming toward her.

"You see," Madge continued, "we just found out that you were in town, course I'll come, Madge. I've just so we come to tell you that we are having a little party at my home tonight and we want you to come. All the kids will be there. And Oh, kid! It's been lonesome without you!'

Doris began to feel better. "Of besides decorate a tree and going to bed but I hadn't much hopes because Mrs. Johnson said she had heard of nothing having been arranged for and she belongs to the committee."

"That was our grief," Lucile chimed in, "so we decided this morning to entertain ourselves. Come on, Madge, we had better go and finish our preparations before the crowd comes." Then as they stepped outside, "Oh, it's snowing again! What fun. Don't be latter than eight thirty, Doris."

The party that night was lots of fun. After a while the storm cleared away and the moon came out brightly over the soft, new fallen snow and the house was no longer large enough for so lively a crowd. A large sleigh was brought around and six and a half noisy couples piled in. They paired off just as they had been in the habit of doing lately and Doris began to wish she hadn't come. The brain of the busy hostess soon took in the situation and got busy to find a way out. As the sleigh whirled around the corner Madge in surprise exclaimed:

"Why there's Spence Reid! I thought he had left town. We can't leave him out."

They came to such a sudden stop that it sent the girls and someone cried:

"Hello. lonesome! Thought you had left the valley. Come and climp in!"

"He's Mack's new rider, Doris," Madge whispered excitedly, "and say, he's clever."

The new comer was introduced to Doris and the party sped on. Enough snow had fallen to clear the air and to sparkle on trees, bushes, and fences but not enough to spoil the well packed road, and the sleigh skimmed smoothly over highways and byways, among vast open air stretches of silvery whiteness.

"Don't you love open country, Miss —a—Doris?" Spencer Reid asked her.

"Oh, sometimes," she answered smilling, "It gets monotonous though, I think."

"Why I think this is great fun,—rather thrilling and quite romantic," "he was saying when,—crack,—with screams and shrieks the entire party went tumbling, one on top of another into a snow bank. They came up gasping, in a moment and somebody asked, "What's the matter?" Reid laughed in spite of himself.

"I hope you all appreciate the good

luck," one of the boys piped up, "we have broken a runner."

"This is quite remarkable of course" Doris reminded her companions and he laughed again.

"Well," said one of the more practical ones, "We had better hurry and fix this, and you girls go some place and get warm or you'll freeze."

Across the snow gleamed the light from a window down in the field and shivering girls looked towards it longingly.

"I wonder who lives there?"

"I'm sure that I don't know, but we can go and see."

"Oh, let's do it may prove exciting," and with a merry 'so long good luck" to the boys they trooped on through the deep shimering snow. Arriving at the door Madge rapped timidly. There was steps inside the door opened and—Madge fairly staggered and Doris groaned inwardly. Miss Bartley, the figure that presented herself before them was well known in this neighborhood. She was rather a large woman, well advanced in years. Her hair hung in untidy strings around her wrinkled face, and she wore a dress that was heavy and shapeless. The plaid outing-flannel skirt measured about forty yards around the bottom (and around the top too for that matter as judged by the many large gathers around her waist) and from under it appeared a pair of large course shoes. She drew the door open with a surprised expression on her face and kindly asked them in.

Doris began to feel a tug at her conscience. "Really it is nothing, Miss Bartley," she murmered, but she could see that it did mean quite a lot to the poor, hungry heart. "There was a time," Miss Bartley continued "when I was young and happy too. I was well liked and had lots of friends but the course of life has deprived me of all that I had an ambition then just like the rest of them and I gained an education and culture that most people envied. Probably you have heard of me teaching school here years ago. Well, it's true and among those I worked and strived with then are some of the leading citizens of the industrial and financial classes of this valley today I guess I helped to make your fathers and mothers what they are and now everybody shuns me and think that I haven't sense enough to know it" She paused and added apologetically, "But I guess I shouldn't burden you with my troubles."

"Oh, please go on," exclaimed Madge with shinning eyes, "We know that you are [illegible] misjudged and [illegible] story"

"[illegible] us [illegible]," echoed [illegible] had really become interested and sympathetic.

[illegible] the hour that dissed the [illegible] was striving for love and sympathy [illegible] as spite of said [illegible] [illegible] years passed Eva Bartley [illegible] in education and received [illegible] the little school.

"We've certainly found an exciting [illegible]" [illegible] whispered to the girl [illegible] as they entered the room, "[illegible] we'll have to make the [illegible]"

Miss Bartley was an old maid [illegible] Rumor said that she had once been a [illegible] school mistress, but that was [illegible] impossible for the girls who took [illegible] to believe [illegible] was certainly a known [illegible] that she was [illegible] a very unsightly [illegible] to behold, and if anyone condescended to speak to her he made himself her friend for life a [illegible] people wanted [illegible] something pitiable [illegible] the old [illegible] creature as [illegible] that raw Xmas [illegible] held a half questioning [illegible] and caused Madge [illegible] of emotion to say [illegible] "Merry Christmas, Miss [illegible] isn't this a beautiful night?" [illegible] the ice and soon a cheerful conversation was underway again. The old [illegible] face brightened as she [illegible] believe that they called [illegible] to see her.

"It's very kind of you to come here [illegible]" she [illegible] again and again with [illegible] eyes "It has been a long time since anyone has cared enough for us to remember me on Christmas People are always too busy seeking their own pleasure to remember a poor wretch like me."

In her native town for a number of years and then with the love of adventure and travel experience she had sought and obtained employment as governess in one of the families of the Spanish nobility in Mexico. There she became acquainted with the Spanish traditions, language, and customs and gained a knowledge that might have helped her on her return home, but the climate and other conditions did not agree with her. And when she came home it was with a useless and shattered nervous system.

Just as she was beginning to regain her former health through a vigourous life, she was bereaved of her father and left with a large debt. The payment of this debt could not be required by law, but honor demanded that it be paid so when her brothers and sisters dropped all obligations she took them alone and determined to keep good her fathers' name. She could not go back to the school room because of her nervous condition. All she had in the world was a few acres of land left by her father and an open air life was what she needed so she turned to the soil to pay off the debt. It took years of hard toil and saving and sacrifice and when finally the last dollar was paid and she turned again to her old life she found the doors closed against her. She had fallen behind the times and her rough farm life had degraded her in the eyes of society.

"Then," she added grimly, "I turned my back on society and decided to live as I pleased, regardless of anyone. Perhaps I made a mistake but if I have I have surely paid for it as year by year and Christmas by Christmas passed me by."

The pause that followed the conclusion of the story was interrupted by the sound of sleigh bells and shouting voices and soon the repeated "Good Nights" and "Merry Christmases" to Miss Bartley the gay crowd was off once more. It was a thoughtful Doris that rode home in the sleigh that night and sometime after the party had broken up and most everyone was sound asleep, the old moon beamed down kindly upon a tired little girl who was gazing absently over snow covered houses and fields and murmering disconnected sentences to herself.

"What a strange Christmas Eve—say that new rider of Mack's isn't exactly ugly—or dull—some tip over."

Then in a few moments came, "How we have misjudged that poor old lady. We certainly ought to take her a Christmas gift tomorrow and visit her often. Couldn't we form a club for the purpose of benefiting such people—No that wouldn't hardly do either—but I shall remember her and write to her often and sometime I shall see her again—Oh, I'm so glad I came back here for Christmas."

———Y———

CHRISTMAS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

First Prize Christmas Essay

By Lizzie Phillips

Modern Christmas is so highly embellished that it possesses little or none of the beauty and simplicity of its worthy predecessor. It is the most inconsistent day in the present speeding years. It possesses so many characteristics that suggest sanctity and produce frivolity, numerous contortions of the most established economic and social laws, a generous sprinkling of proverbial customs and an abundance of conventionality. Yet human nature seems to so revel in the complicated and the uncertain that Yule Tide is without doubt the favorite and most popular holiday of all the festivities.

If Old Santa, the symbol of the real Christmas spirit is an ardent admirer of the "good old days," he certainly has just cause for lamentation. It has been his lot to witness the many from the beauty and simplicity of thought and action that characterized the early observance of the most sacred event in the history of man. The tokens that were offered to the Christ child in His lowly birthplace symbolized the priceless gifts of love and homage. They were in reality a deep and copious love that can rightly be termed genuine religious reverance. To the donors He was the realization, the tangible evidence of the fulfillment of a long cherished hope, the dawning of a new day.

Soon all children were made recipients of that powerful force that causes one to forget self in an effort to gladden one's friend. Every home and friendly tie was a golden cord that bound the invaluable offering of real love. Giving was promoted by a desire to give. Would not the great departure from the ideal justify an urgent letter from Santa, asking that a return to the "good old days" be made.

Life today is surely more varied. There are innumerable opportunities for seeing novelties in toyland and for spending the precious dollar. A walk down the business section of a town or city as "Santa time" approaches may justify the conclusion that the world is filled with people of windows made brilliant with colored lights and trimming. The selection of presents is today a long, tedious, interesting sojourn in the land of wealth and plenty. It requires only time, money and the power of choice. All these attractions are purely modern. How the old fashioned people must realize what they missed and must look down from their heavenly home with envy upon the people of today.

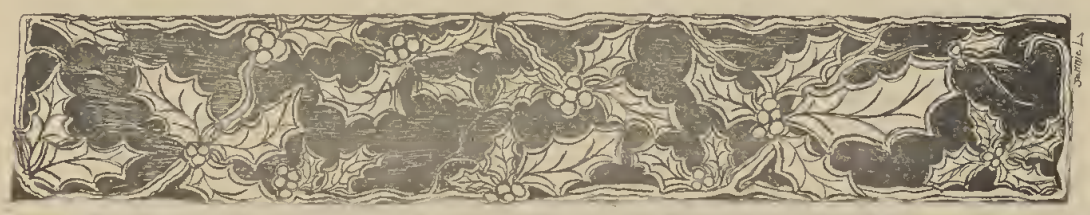
The giving of tokens of love in heartfelt sincerity has been debased into a vulgar commercialism where gifts are a result of habits and customs. They represent nothing more than their paltry mercenary value. It has become a game of guessing who will remember you and duty demands a reciprocation. Santa would surely appreciate distributing more of the products of real love and fewer of the costly presents that represent every type. Representatives of every age and occupation stand gazing with longing eyes at the varied products of commercialism displayed in the big long cherished dollars. The act of giving is in itself beautiful when the gift is offered in love and received in appreciation. In such cases both the giver and receiver are built up and both feel real joy and satisfaction.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me."

It must have made that dear old Christmas spirit chuckle as he stealthily filled the stockings of the sleeping household of yesterday. But how lonely and forsaken he must feel at the same work today when he knows that the house is vacated because of some alluring public entertainment. Is it reasonable to think he occasionally wonders if the family is ever at home except in case of a yellow flag on the front porch? A stable home life is the safeguard of society. This is being realized today and an effort is being made to return to the ideal.

Christmas no longer represents a time of peace and good-will. Its beauty and sacredness have been contorted or lost. It is a time of excitement, revelry, and confusion where envy and disappointment are more conspicuous than is the spirit of love. Selfishness and insincerity play an important part. To the young it is a period of excess pleasure seeking and extravagance. To the child it signifies a visit from Santa Claus. Only the thotful and most sincere members of Christiandom recognize it as a period of worship and thanksgiving in commeration of the greatest event the world has ever known.

The Mormon has long urged a saner observance of the dawn of Christianity. It strongly urges home life and the spirit that should characterize giving. As members of a Church School, can we not appreciate the great love and simplicity of Christ? His was a love that cost a life upon a cross of suffering that a world might live again. He expected no such gift in return. There is an impelling need for a hearty support of the Church authorities in their worthy efforts to revive the real Christmas spirit, of giving tokens of love or giving love without tokens. The realization of that great Spirit would remove many of our most perplexing problems and make the world a happier place to live. "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" would then become a glorious realization rather than a partly filled benediction.



The Awakening of Jim Harvard

Second Prize Christmas Story

By Anna Marie Eggertsen

The convicts dreaded and despised the day when visitors were allowed to see the prison, because it brought back that old hatred they were trying so hard to quench. The curiosity of the visitors, making the barrier between the convicts and themselves obvious by remarks and looks, renewed that sullen feeling that so embitters the convict's heart.

Jim Harvard despised this day. As he glanced at the visitors coming through the work shop, his hatred for these people who professed to be so free from crime became greater. His life had become hardened almost to the core. The warden's struggle to reform him was of no avail. He hated sympathy and disliked those who tried to show it. He knew he had done wrong and had decided to pay for it. And so, on this visiting day his heart was wrapped in selfishness and social contempt. He bent intensely at his work. His hate and indifference for these people blinded him, and while under his nervous strain he hit his finger with the hammer. The oath he uttered was answer by a child's voice.

"Oh, I am so sorry. It must hurt terribly." He turned and discovered the warden's daughter near him. "You mustn't let it bleed so. Here is my handkerchief. Mama always tells me to wrap my cuts up at once."

Her quick fairy like movements had placed the handkerchief upon his bleeding finger. He did not thank her, but only stared. She became frightened and hurried at once over to a group of the visitors.

That night in his cell he had something new to think about. It was not the thoughts of the usual monotonous day to look back upon, but a real incident to recall. It was the face of little Jean, the warden's daughter, that was continually before him. Her sympathy for his pain was the first he had dared to accept for two years. Little Jean had forgotten the barrier between them and had come to his rescue as a sweet little friend. As he glanced at her dainty handkerchief now blotted with his own blood, he asked himself why he had frightened her and wondered if his own little girl would be frightened of him now.

Jim Harvard and his daughter had been parted for two years. It had come at Christmas time. He had but little money, so had forged a check to buy her presents and convince her of the goodness of Santa Claus. He had been caught, and before the eyes of the world had been shamed and branded a thief. That night in his gray cell he recalled this event, and the longing for a civil life again crept into his soul. He wondered if his little Helen wanted his to return. She was only a little girl and perhaps did not even understand his crime. If he could only be convinced that she still loved him and wanted him back again, his attitude at the prison would change He then would desire to prove himself worthy of self-respect and he would work diligently for his release. Perhaps it would take two more years, but if his owu daughter would sympathize with him as the warden's daughter had, it would be worth two years of toil, or even more.

Jean continued her interest in him by visiting the work shop when ever her father allowed her to go with him, and there, through her sweetness, she gained the love of this convict and strengthened the little flame that was glowing in his heart. The convict's attitude was slowly but finally returning to its own. He was forgetting himself and desiring to work and love some one. His little girl was his hope. His thoughts became centered around little Jean in hopes that he would be worthy of the love of his own child. He lived in the time two years from now, with his little daughter at his side. Two years—perhaps only one—but he must be patient and prove himself worthy of her love.

As Christmas grew near the struggle became harder. The world had not been fair to him. The struggle again seemed to paralyse his soul and endeavor to extinguish the spark that had led him on to prove his trustworthiness.

It was on Christmas Eve that the fight was the hardest. Just two years ago! It had been a long time. Perhaps he was forgotten. He would not desire to return to his own honor, but perhaps his little girl would need him as she grew older. Was it not selfish of him to think of the shame he would receive from a few, if in the end his daughter needed him.

...During his musing he was only half conscious of the confusion and occasional calls from his fellow convicts, concerning Christmas. Yet that holy and sublime Christmas atmosphere that was prevailing throughout the whole world that night seemed to enter his own gloomy cell, and soften the hardened lines of his face. His thoughts were interupted by the sound of little Jean's voice.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," and a tiny hand slipped a neatly tied parcel in through the bars of Harvard's cell. It was little Jean, who, accompanied her father in visiting the cells, and had lingered to wish Harvard a Merry Christmas. It was she who had awakened his life from its dreaming of only the grosser things, and who had won his heart and made him desire and hope to return to his own little girl. She had made him forget the hard hearted world and even his own self.

He awoke from his dreaming and listened to the words of his little sweetheart. "Yes, Santa Claus will come tonight. I do hope that he will be good to me and to all the other little children. I wrote his brownies that I wanted a doll, a cradle, some dishes, a jumping jack, and lots of other things. I have tried to be good, and I hope that the other little children, like the little match girl will be warm and happy tonight. What do you want Santa to bring you?"

"Well, Jean, I only wish Santa will remember my own little girl tonight, because I am very lonesome here without her, Oh if he could only bring her to me," he replied in a half whisper, trying vainly to hide the emotion that so completely engulfed him this Christmas.

The warden returning for his daughter who had lingered at Harvard's cell, had heard the wish of this man, whose changed attitude he had been carefully noticing. He did not know that she had brought it about. With a Merry Christmas to Harvard, he and little Jean returned to their own happy home to spend Christmas Eve, waiting for Santa Claus.

Christmas morning Harvard was awakened by the general commotion of the men. Before he had completed his morning duties he was summoned to the warden's office. The un-

Continued on Page 30

The True Christmas Spirit

Second Prize Essay

By Cessford Kerr

It is a regrettable fact that friendship has, in so many cases, been commercialized to such an extent as to cause people to lose the true spirit of Christmas. Such is the deplorable condition existing quite generally at the present time. Through the process of time the spirit of Christmas giving has become obscure by the present day practice of trying to retain friendship by the bestowing of gifts. This custom—this "commercialized" friendship—does not fit in with the real spirit of giving, which should be uppermost in the minds of men at Christmas time.

This custom might not be censured if it did not often entail hardships on the part of the giver to keep up with friends, in the matter of giving, and if it were always done in the true spirit of giving with no thought to custom or tradition.

A "commercialized" friend might be defined as one who is your friend because you are friendly; one who gives only as he receives; on who appreciates friendship according to its material value to him.

A true friend is one who is your friend because of what you are, one who will stand by you through thick and thin with no thought of reward other than your own friendship in return.

Such a friend as Jesus, our Lord, whose birth we commerate on the twenty-fifth of December. He asked no reward for his great sacrifice, which gave to all man-kind eternal life and salvation. This is the one perfect example of unselfish friendship.

The true spirit of Christmas is that expressed by Christ in His inspirational life and His teachings of truth. We need only to keep in mind His gospel and His example as our guide in the matter of Christmas observance.

If we wish to serve and please Him whom we are trying to honor and revere at this time, we should follow His example of seeking those most in need of His gifts.

We need not go far to find the sick, the poor, and other unfortunates to whom a serviceable gift would mean so much. Many times a word of sympathy and encouragement can bring happiness into a heart where joy is a stranger.

The kind of Christmas giving not only brings joy to the recipiant and makes him feel that the spirit of Christ is still in the hearts of men, but it enriches the soul of the giver, bringing him nearer the great Teacher of brotherly love, service and unselfishness—who said, "For inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

Christmas Eve in the Rockies

PRIZE POEM

By KATIE FORBES

The last faint gleam of rosy light departs,
A full moon rises over hills of white.
To gaze upon a lonely shrowed world
A world unknown, ne'er marked by human sight.

The wind sings softly thru the stately pines

A message which is old yet ever new
As down thru countless ages it is sung
Till men and angels catching up the strain
Proclaim its truth in every land and tongue.

For here among these mountains of God
The tale is breathed upon the breeze; of how
A babe was born, so many centuries
To each she croons a lullaby of rest
The same sweet lullaby she sang in June
When birds slept in the new deserted nests

A lullaby which seemes to echo soft
A mother's whispered song at twilight-hour
To downy little head so soft and warm
Now wrapped in slumber's sweet entrancing power.

No Christmas carols break the solitude
Their "Yule-tide" cheer, the wolf's complaining bay
No chime of bells float thru the chilly air
Or lamp, or candle, light their lonely way

An yet from out those hoary snow-clad hills
Upon the keen wind's icy breath we hear
A message unto whose enduring power
All nature stops to listen and revere. past
To which the countless generations bow.
And even as these hoary mountains hold
The promise of the springtime's lovely dress
So will the ancient sacrifice of Christ
Give all man-kind new life and happiness.

—Katie Forbes

The Better Blessing

"It is more blessed to give than to receive"

Who said so? Why did He say it? Is it true because He said it, or did He say it because it is true?

The more blessed part of the sun's existence is giving light.

The moon receives from the sun, but her higher blessedness is in shedding her silver rays.

In the gushing spring on the mountain-side is more blessedness than in all its surface absorption—in the little oasis of the desert is found more blessedness than on a wide expanse of moisture-drinking sands.

The blessedness of the tree is greater in the yielding of its fruit than in the driving of its root.

The higher lived creatures are the greatest givers. Compare the crocodile with the cow; the shark with the sheep; the hawk with the hen.

At what point in the life of Andrew Carnegie did his greater blessedness begin? Who blesses him for receiving? Who does not bless him for giving? Nothing is blessed that does not bless.

Which part of Rockefeller's accumulations demanded a blessing?

Which is the greater act of blessedness, to receive knowledge, or to spread the truth?

One may be the recipient of love and suffer shrinkage of the affections; but no one can give love without growing in the direction of the giving.

Receiving mercy should make us merciful; but showing mercy never fails to increase our mercifulness.

Receiving and giving are everything, and refusal to perform the double act is to get out of step with the universe and thus become unnatural.

The guiding center of our universe is God, the Giver, Greatest of all, whose blessedness we most desire, the blessedness of giving.

Oh may I grow to love to give,
And for the help of others live,
May sweetest joy be mine to know
That I have lessened others' woe.

—President G. H. Brimhall

WHITE AND BLUE

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CARRY THE B. Y. U. SPIRIT WITH YOU

The White and Blue extends to you its best Christmas Wishes. May your holidays be "Merry any Joyous", for "Man is that he might have joy."

And remember that the surest means of realizing happiness is to carry the old "Y'" spirit abroad. Be a missionary. Be a booster. Render service. Freely have you received, now freely give. Some one has said, "Enthusiasm can move the World". Be enthusiastic. Move your friends and communities with the spirit of the "Y". Be a leader. There are always too many followers. And lastly, be a B Y. U. student.

Return with new ideas for the student body and the determination to be a "livewire" of the same. Return to help the varsity win in basket ball, debating and all other intellectual and physical activities. Incidently remember the White and Blue will continue. Bring back new stories of romance, records of alumni activity, real news and concrete suggestions for improving the paper. Make a new year resolution to contribute to your paper.

———Y———

COMPETITION A SUCCESS

While we still feel that there is a lot of good talent to be unearthed, the response to the prize offers was good. The judges seemed to have a real hard time making a decision of the cover design submitted, the one of Mr Childs was accepted. The frontispeace was drawn by Miss Lavern Page, the story, "A Rural Christmas", written by Miss Louise Dastrup, was awarded first, "The Awakening of Jim Harvard," by Miss Anna Marie Eggertsen, second and "Myra's Christmas", by Miss Amy Poulson third.

Of the numerous essays handed in, Miss Lizzie Phillips won first, with "Christmas Yesterday and Today", while Cessford Kerr won second with his essay on "The True Christmas Spirit".

The prize poem was written by Miss Kate Forbes

The White and Blue hopes this will be an incentive to these young writers to continue in their work. We also offer congratulations, and extend our wishes for future success.

———Y———

GREETINGS FROM THE STUDENT BODY PRESIDENCY

Once again we pause in the strenuous round of business, labor, and school, to commemorate Him whose birth was heralded by angels so many years ago, to witness the dawning of another bright New Year Our greatest hope is that each may feel within his heart during this Christmas-tide, the spirit of service and giving as exemplified by the Great Master, to such a degree that it may permeate the spirit of his New Year's resolutions and radiate throughout the months to come.

George S Ballif
Grace Nixon
Karl King
Vesta Pierce

———Y———

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

The student body for the sake of itself and future student bodies, wants a necessary Christmas present. It has been considering writing a long epistle to Santa The officers, however, believe in "Mental telepathy," have decided the letter unnecessary.

The need is so apparent, so long felt, hat it seems quite unnecessary to ask for it. If the desires and neuronic connections count for anything the Executive Council will be Santa Claus and have the stage in readiness when school convenes again. The student body will then make a New Year Resolution and proceed to pay all expenses for the little theatre.

The saving resulting from having a stage of our own, would pay for the stage in at least three years. Furthermore, the student body would be enabled to charge less for admission to the productions. More students would enjoy our dramatics. The Dramatic Coach, if desirable, could produce more plays giving more students valuable training in appearing before the public. The students would have a chance to have wholesome amusement instead of "cheap" picture shows.

The White and Blue hopes the Executive Committee acts as Santa. The Dramatic Coach and Student Body will make the New Year resolution.

———Y———

We wish to thank all who helped make this issue a success. The ladies and gentlemen who acted as judges, and also Professor Eastmond for his suggestions. Mention must be made of the students who were pressed into service for typewriting and proof reading. It is in order, we believe, to thank those who gave us their moral support and encouraged us with fair promises, which came to nought. The prizes awarded are: cover design, L. B. Childs; frontispiece, Lavern Page, story Louise Dastrup; essay, Lizzie Phillips; poem, Kate Forbes Great commendation is due to other writers who have furnished material. We sincerely hope you will enjoy the results of our labors.

Myra's Christmas Eve.

Third Prize Christmas Story

By Amy Poulson

The winter was terribly cold, and promised to be a long hard one to everyone who had not an abundant supply of provisions on hand. This day, just two days before Christmas, seemed to be even colder than any preceeding day had been. Especially to Jack and Harold as they stamped through the deep, hard drifts, with a huge bundle of washing toward the tiny old lumber shack half covered with snow, which they called their home

"Here we are, Mother," called Jack as they feebly kicked the hard frozen snow from their old thin shoes

The two boys dropped their load in the corner and began doing their best to warm up. Their hands and faces were blue with the cold and their coats were too thin to keep the rest of their bodies much warmer.

"Oh, how my feet ache, I can't tell whether they are cold or hot, they hurt so," said Harold as he did his best to walk on them as they were warming up a little.

"Wonder if I'll get thawed out before next summer. Sure don't feel like it," complained Jack

"You'll forget you ever were cold tomorrow when Santa Claus comes," exclaimed Harold with a faint smile.

Myra looked at her two boys with a faint smile but her's was sad and a big tear filled her eye.

"I'm afraid Santa won't be able to come to our place this year, children, because I haven't enough money to pay him for what we want, and you know he couldn't come unless we could pay him."

"Oh, I thought Santa went to everybody's house" said Jack in a surprised tone and with wide open eyes, "doesn't he?"

"Not always, dear," said Myra sadly

It was a long dreary day that followed for these two little boys.

"And Santa Claus don't come to people's houses without no pay" Jack looked like his last hope had just been taken from him

"Well, I don't suppose tonight will be any different than any other night if that's the case," said Harold as he looked just about as out of place and thoroughly miserable as his younger brother.

"I don't even want to look outside because all the kids are out there and they are all talking about what they are going to get tonight, and we won't get anything," choked Jack.

"It won't do any good to bawl, snapped Harold, as he was allowing anger to take the place of disappointment.

"Come, Children, and take the washing back to Mrs Bently, and then hurry home," called Myra from the little kitchen she used as a wash-

room also.

"Those poor dears," said Mrs. Bently as soon as Jack and Harold had closed the door behind them, to face the snow and wind until they should again reach their home.

"Did you notice? John! Say did you notice the kind of shoes and coats those little boys had on?"

"Why no, wifey, I didn't What kind were they?" casually answered John.

"Well, they weren't much of anything."

"Something like some girls' dresses I suppose."

"John!"

"Well, what dear?"

"Can't we do something for them? I know Myra hasn't enough to make a merry Christmas for them, but she never would tell anybody."

"Oh she is an independent little piece but what could we do? We haven't an overly great supply of money, ourselves and John was beginning to get interested.

"It isn't money she needs so much as it is the thought that she is not alone in this world since her husband died."

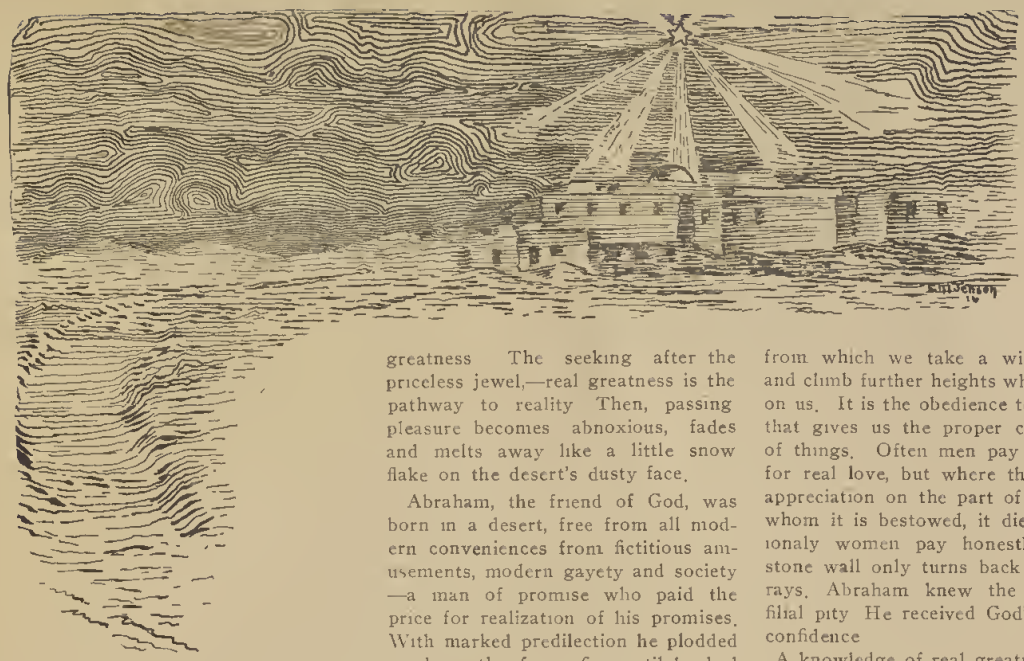
"Now, wifie, what is your idea that you intend to spring on me."

"Well, it's just like this, John, I am going to call up a lot of the neighbors and ask them if they want to go with me to Myra's tonight. It's true some will not leave their own warm fires but I'll get Dick and some of the other scouts to help me and we'll show Myra and her two boys a real Christmas"

It was late in the afternoon, but before dark a group of scouts gathered at the Bently home, each with his arms full of mysterious looking bundles and with a radiant smile on his lips They all wanted to talk at once.

"Everywhere I went people were willing to give me something, and promised to come out tonight," said one scout.

Continued on Page 23



The Greatness of Giving

By J. Bert Sumsion

The spirit of Christmas releases men's hearts from selfish motives and breathes the spirit of devotion to God. Yule-Tide carries the spirit of service and good-will toward men. It is a period when our thoughts become most serious, causing us to have an appreciation of real greatness and gratitude to God and spirit, in song and in dance.

We appreciate art, music, literature, the drama in proportion to our understanding. Likewise we can appreciate the Divine plan of the ages—the work wrought by Jesus Christ only by obtaining a knowledge of it. When the world understands this plan, the spirit of Christmas will have a meaning of deep significance instead of a vague assurance in a confident rumor. An understanding of its meaning, of the greatest event in the history of man, it will be marked with favor, becoming brilliant and fascinating, instead of a temporary restoration to dazzling private expenditure.

Ignorance is the stumbling block that places us against the inpenetratable wall without an appreciation of the real things of life. Lack of an appreciation is the result of a careless indifference—ignorance of real greatness The seeking after the priceless jewel,—real greatness is the pathway to reality Then, passing pleasure becomes abnoxious, fades and melts away like a little snow flake on the desert's dusty face.

Abraham, the friend of God, was born in a desert, free from all modern conveniences from fictitious amusements, modern gayety and society —a man of promise who paid the price for realization of his promises. With marked predilection he plodded in the path of sacrifice until he had an understanding of real greatness. So he waited for the fulfilment of his promises—the season ensuing. When great promises are made to individuals or to peoples rest assured that terrible ordeals must be experienced, in order that an appreciation may be installed into their beings. Abraham was tried of God, hence his comprehensive understanding. He was tried when he was compelled to leave his native land and to live a stranger in a land given him by promise. He was tried in that peril of Sarah in Egypt and in that peril of Lot in Sodom. He was tried when Ishmael was thrust from his home. He was put to a crucial test when he was told to offer Issac his son. Could he trust God when his own words seemed to contradict? But in this fiery trial the ingredients of evil which had countertrial theacted his true development were melted away, shriveled up and when consumed; while latent qualities produced by grace (or power of God), but not yet into exercise—were called to the exiegency to receive due rocognition and acquire a fixity of position and influence which nothing else possible could do. In the agony of sorrow we say words, we assume positions which otherwise we should never have dreamed of, but from which we never receded. Looking back we wonder how we dared to do it, and yet, we say we are not sorry, because the memory of what we were in that supreme hour is a precious legacy, and a platform from which we take a wider view, and climb further heights which beckon us. It is the obedience to promise that gives us the proper conception of things. Often men pay the price for real love, but where there is no appreciation on the part of those on whom it is bestowed, it dies. Occasionaly women pay honestly, but a stone wall only turns back the sun's rays. Abraham knew the value of filial pity He received God's vote of confidence

A knowledge of real greatness came to the son of God in the Garden of Gethsemane—a grief beyond utterance, a struggle beyond endurance, a horror of great darkness. Here speaking to his apostles He said, "My soul is full of anguish, even unto death." He knew full well that His hour of deepest humiliation had come, He knew that nothing remained on earth, but tortures of physical pain and mental anguish. All that human soul could tolerate was to be His. "Pain in its acutest sting shame in its most overwhelming brutality"—this He must face. Could you have heard that "Deep voice wailing in murmurs of broken agony", could you have seen those deep gouts of blood pouring from every pore, you could appreciate that saying of Mosiah: (3rd Chapter, 7 verse) "He shall suffer temptation and pain, of body hunger and thirst,—for behold blood cometh from every pore. In varification of this Jesus said to Joseph Smith, that the trial was such that it caused "myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at ever pore." From this Garden He was dispatched with marked precision from king to king, and to other authorities with their "insolence of office". Nails pierced His hands, His feet, His sides, vinegar was slashed across His lips. So imperiled was He that His Father could not bear the scene. When He turned away for an instant the Son cried out that immortal sentence,

Continued on Page 30

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Christmas in France

THE CHRISTMAS WOODEN SHOES

Translated from the French

"It will be Christmas tomorrow, mother, I am going to put my wooden shoes before the fire place tonight."

"What do you think Santa Claus is going to bring you, Claire?"

"Listen, mother dear, he is going to bring me a little lamb, a little dog, and a pretty doll with curly hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, one that can say, mama, mama."

With a heavy sigh mother turned around and looked at her sympathetically said: "But my child we are very poor and perhaps Santa Claus will pass us by."

"Doesn't he come to the poor, mother?"

"Not always.—It is time for you to go to church now. Good-bye."

Beneath a star-lit sky Claire followed the snow-covered streets to the old church up on the hillside. Did she feel the penetrating cold? Her thots were centered around two things: the putting of her wooden shoes before the fire place that night, and the doll with the pretty silk dress she would find in them the next morning.

She was startled from her revelry by a strange bundle which was lying in front of the church door. Going closer she saw it was a little child of about three who had fallen asleep. There was no shawl to protect her little body, no wooden shoes to keep those little feet from freezing. Clarie stood wonderingly. For the first time she felt the bitter cold of the night; then a thot flashed thru her mind—this little child did not even have a wooden shoe to place before the fire place Hurridly she took off one of her own and put it gently besides the sleeping child, and with her shabby shawl covered the almost frozen body.

Claire then entered the church and joined the crowd which had gathered around the manger to sing their praises and express their gratitude to Heavenly Father for one wonderful gift—Jesus Christ:

When the ceremony was over Claire returned to her mother.

"Claire, my dear, what have you done with your shawl and your wooden shoes?"

With a few words Claire explained, "and mother dear, her little hands and feet were actually stiff, and then not having any wooden shoes, Santa Claus surely would have passed her up."

"You thotless, naughty child, now for sure Santa Claus will not bring you anything. Here, I have earned with hard hard work, almost day and night, you throw away like that—go to bed."

"Mother, I still have one wooden-shoe left, may I put it there, he will surely come"

"Perhaps, if he does he will leave a whip—now to bed."

With tears in her eyes, yet hope in her heart Claire slipped under the huge feather bed and soon fell soundly asleep.

Early the next morning she got up quietly and looked around in the bare room for her little wooden shoe. When mother came in from the kitchen where the fire was cheerily burning she heard her little daughter talking to the pretty doll which she held closely in her arms: "I knew Santa Claus was going to leave you here for me"

—Olga Wunderly

———Y———

Christmas In The South Sea Islands

A Christmas in the South Sea Isles usually suggests a Christmas among a semi-civilized dark skinned people. But the term "South Sea Islands" included a number of groups of islands, south of the equator, were we to spend a Christmas in one of the groups near the equator, our first impression of the South Sea people might be correct In New Zealand however, the population is but four per cent native of the one million inhabitants.

Christmas in New Zealand like all countries in Christendom is accompanied by the spirit of giving and merry making. Christmas day, however, is held more sacred than in America. It is the custom to hold services in all churches upon this day of days Then the twenty sixth of December is Boing Day and is the day of amusements and pleasure. It being summer out-of-door sports are indulged in, such as picnicing on the sea shore, horse racing, yachting, bathing, etc. In some parts of New Zealand the natives spend their Xmas like the white in the ways mentioned above. But let us go into the real heart of Maoridom and see them at Christmas.

After the regular Christmas services which are held in most villeges, the next big event is the Christmas festival. As the natives feast as a community rather than as individuals the whole village becomes in commotion making preparations for this event.

Great long mats are spread on the ground, being from 50 to 100 feet long. These serve as tables and when the feed is ready these long tables are literally covered with almost every conceivable kind of food, meats, potatoes, "taro", plumpuddings, fruits, cakes, candy, soft-drinks, "pulic", "kange piran," shell fish, dried shark and eel.

The Europeans, natives, Mormon elders and all sit upon the ground and with their fingers relish the native cooked food as though it was prepared by the best cooks in the world.

—Ward Moody

———Y———

STOP! LOOK AND LISTEN!

Why? Something's going to happen.

When? Wednesday night.

Where? At the Ladies' Gym.

What's doing? Come and find out

? ? ? ? ?

———Y———

Princeton Debate tonight, 7:45 p. m. College Hall.

LEAP YEAR DANCE after Debate. Girls. Get Busy.

———Y———

Christmas in Germany

It is in Germany that the merriest Yule-tides are injoyed. In no other country is the Holiday Season so fully and heartily observed It is the greatest occasion of the year among young and old, rich and poor. There is a tender and appealing sentiment attached to it that is typical of all the best in the German character.

The celebration of Christmas has come down thru generations of tradition until today we have a mixture of pagan and christian cheer.

The whole world is indebted to Germany for many of the Christmas stories. The fir tree is the most important feature of Yule-tide among all people of Germany. It is placed in their best room and decorated very prettily. It remains there for weeks, and each night the family lights the candles and enjoys itself There are between ten and twenty million trees used there each year.

The custom of gifts on this day is of Teutonic origin. The gifts are given by each member of the family accompanied with verses, songs etc. All are admitted to the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve, and then the fun begins, each member of the family present is suppored to be kissed. The children do not hang up their stockings as in America, but receive their presents before retiring on Ihristmas Eve.

They have their Saint Nicholas, Knight Rupert and Kris Kingle, each takes the part of Santa Claus in the different localities of Germany. Presents do not come down the chimney there as here because all the fire places are enclosed.

Christmas morning the chimes in the churches wake you up bright and early. This day is Dedication Day, and is the time for faimly reunions, fun and frolic.

Many of the poorer people do not ordinarily have sumptuous meals, but on "Weihnacht" (Day of Dedication) they feast on duck and choice viands. Either "Lebe Kuchen" (Living Cake) or "Pfeffer Kuchen" (Pepper Cake), is always present.

Christmas in Mexico

In Mexico, as in Spain, the main feature of the Christmas celebration is the Pinata. It is a religious affair and is celebrated by all classes In one room is arranged an altar, decorated with pictures of Christ and also of the Madonna, and wighted with candles. Those participating in the ceremony also carry candles. First they form in a procession and march through the different rooms of the house singing "Ave Maria" and finally all gather around the altar, and after placing their candles upon it they offer up prayers.

After this comes the Pinata proper. To the ceiling of the room has been hung a large "oya", or earthen jar, filled with all kinds of nuts and candy. One of the party is blind-folded and then given a stick with which he is to break the "oya". However he is first given several turns, after being blind-folded, thus loosing his bearings and it usually takes some time for him to hit the "oya". But when he does hit it, it breaks into pieces and nuts and candy are scattered over the floor Then follows a great scramble and when everyone has secured a supply of nuts and candy, a general good time is enjoyed while eating them.

Several families in the same neighbor-hood usually join together for this affair and then carry it on in the different homes on successive nights.

———Y———

Boys

Come out Wednesday night and see what Good sports the girls are.

"To Every One"

You will be royally treated
And with a smile gently greeted,
If you come Wednesday night
With smiles beaming bright
To the Ladies' Gym,
It is no whim
Right after the debate,
So don't be late.
Lots of punch, girls and candy.
You know it will be dandy
If you want to have great fun
Then all come! come!! come!!!

———Y———

LEAP YEAR DANCE TONIGHT LADIES' GYM.

Uncle Sam's Christmas Advice

Old Scrooge. Dickens' famous character is probably the most famous hater of Christmas in the world.

"Christmas—Bah!" said Old Scrooge

But there are thousands of men and women and children in this country who "Bah" with Scrooge either before or after December twenty-fifth. Scrooge hated Christmas because he neither gave nor received the right things in the right spirit. He had imitators for the same reason.

The object of Christmas giving is to make those to whom you give happy. That is the only way you can make yourself happy. You cannot make those you care for happy by ill considered gifts. If your gift means nothing except a package tied with red ribbon with holly wreathes on it, it is valueless either to the giver or the receiver, no matter whether its wrappings cover a diamond neckless or a fifty cent necktie.

To give real Christmas gifts you must put thought as well as money into them——thought for the welfare and profit of the future as well as pleasure for the moment.

Christmas gifts are neither more nor less than translated thoughts. A selfish or a careless gift is worth no more than a selfish or a careless thought to the receiver, no matter what its cost in money may have been. That is why many a youngster and many a grown up also, finds Christmas a time of bitter disillusionment and disappointment.

Presents brought in selfish hope of return, or in careless fulfillment of obligation, or even for the fleeting pleasure of the moment can never bring real appreciation to the receiver or real pleasure to the giver. Therefore let us see that our gifts contain the essential elements of "good will" and thought for the future.

—W. S. S. Bulletin

LEAP YEAR DANCE after Debate. Girls. Get Busy.

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During the month of October we will have a sale on THOR WASHING MACHINES.

See our show windows for details.

We also carry STUDENTS LAMPS.

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This is the picture of the High School football boys. It is unnecessary to say any more about them as we all know them and their achevements.

BASKET BALL

This week end saw four B. Y. U. teams in action against tough opposition. First high school team took Tooele into camp Friday night by a score of 44 to 12. The game was played at Tooele. And from all reports the team work of the "Y" boys was the best seen at Tooele for some time.

The big surprise was the showing made by the high school second team at Pleasant Grove. Pleasant Grove went into the game expecting a sure victory, but at the end of the first half found themselves seven points at the rear. Pleasant Grove came back with a rush in the second half, but found the high school's seconds fighting all the time. Not until the last minute of the play was the game decided. Pleasant Grove rallied sufficiently to land two field baskets which tied the score Then Christensen scored a foul goal as the whistle blew for time thus scoring the winning point of the game. Earlier in the season the same Pleasant Grove team won from the L. D. S. by two points, and were therefore confident of walking away with this game.

Saturday night the same high school second team went to Heber where they succeeded in winning from the Wasatch High School, by a score of 44 to 33. The game was very rough, but very few fouls were called and superior team work in basket shooting won for the B Y. U

Saturday night the main college five met the fast Utah A. A. composed of old stars. Three of the men MacSwan, Arron Wright and Elmer Dean are on the "U" squad this year. In addition were, Glenn Smith an old L. D. S. star, Spencer a former Salt Lake High School and Utah Aggie star, Thatcher and Cal. Rawlings rounded out the squad. Thatcher as left guard played a fast game throughout as did Spencer and Smith. Smith is one of the most accurate basket shooters seen here for some time. He is able to cage the ball from any angle of the floor.

Although the game started off fast and both teams showed lack of condition and the U. A. A. scored twice before the "Y" men were able to find the basket The first half ended 16 to 19 for the A. A. The second opened fast, and after about five minutes of playing the "Y" boys opened up a spirt and ran the score up to 33 to 23 but were unable to keep up the pace and the final score was 33 to 29

Both in Saturday and Sunday's issue of the Salt Lake Tribune, December 18th and 19th, there has appeared an account of a game played by the B. Y. U. High School seconds and the Pleasant Grove High School. Contrary to the facts, however, some party, perhaps the Pleasant Grove

Continued from Page 18

Home For The Holidays

Only a few months, such happy months too, when with the merriest of Christmas and the happiness of New Year greetings we are off for the holidays. Books may remain unopened, microscopes left to the dust, library, assembly, and labratory become silent and empty, while their occupants depart unhindered, unhampered, unworried to the outstretched arms and rosy hearthstones that await them for a few days of holiday merriment.

Ah! the joy at the end of the journey! Will the train ever arrive? Will Jack be at the station in the big roadster? Will Ellen arrive first with her two beautiful flaxen-haired kiddies? Will mother allow us a momentary peep into her precious larder, accompanied by a survey of the delicacies that her artistic touch has produced? The cramberry jell in its sparkling mold? The big fat turkey, awaiting its place in the oven, the rows of mince, apple, and squash pies, the Christmas cakes, cookies, fruits, and vegetables, the wonderful candies turned as if from a master confectioner's shop by the hand of sister Rose, Oh, the fragrant and spicy odors that issue from the "secret vault"—can one imagine such food after boarding house fare?

Yes, and still better awaits the meeting of the family and friends, the ceremonial decorating of the big balmy Christmas tree, of passing under the mistletoe, of playing Santa for Bobby and Susan, of watching their childish glee as they receive every token, with the firm belief that it really came from the dear old saint, of the joy of giving to the needy, of comforting the widow and the invalid.

Neither can we foget that through the blessings and joys of the past year, still greater opportunities await us during the coming one, in which to render service to our fellowmen, growth and development to ourselves and satisfaction to Him whose birth we would commemorate on this 25 day of December, 1920, years since that celestial throng above the hills of far-off Judea sang the glad tidings, "Peace on earth, Good Will toward men".

———Y———

LEAP YEAR DANCE TONIGHT LADIES' GYM.

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MUSIC DEPARTMENT GIVES GRAND CONCERT

A splendid musical program was rendered Thursday evening by our Music Department, under the direction of Miss Florence Jepperson. The program was of the very highest order, and was appreciated by a large audience.

Criticism would be very dificult, but we would say that it was one of the best musicals ever held in the University.

The program is as follows:

Invocation.

"With Courage and Faith", Mayerbeer ..... B. Y. U. Chorus

Piano Solo, Soaring, Shumann ..... Frank Wanlass

Bass Solo, In the Cellar Deep ..... Carl Christensen

Soprano Solo, Hayfields and Butterflies, Del Riego, ..Virginia Christensen.

Ladies Glee Club:

(a) Orpheus with Her Lute

(b) Little Pappoose.

Reading, A Christmas present for a Lady, ... Grace Nixon

Piano Solo, If I Were A Bird, Henschel ..... Ione Huish

Tenor Solo, Little Mother of Mine, Burliegh ..... Richard Condie

Carmena Waltz Song . B. Y. Chorus

Piano Solo, Recollections of Home, Mills ..... Rulon Brimhall

Aria, One Fine Day, Madam Butterfly, ... Hannah Packard

Silent Night ..... Ladies' Glee Club

"Shout Aloud in Triumph", Manney ..... B. Y. U. Chorus

The Student Body wish to announce the wedding of its President to Miss Algie Eggertsen of the Physical Education Department.

STOP THIEF!

College Play a Success

Did you go to the play Friday night? Of course you did. Nobody could afford to miss that play, could they? It was the kind of a play one ought to use the superlative degree on, wasn't it?

Weren't they all good? We got some inside facts about their characters, didn't we? Now who would have suspected that Merril Clayson was so absent minded? I'll bet that after this everyone will watch their pockets carefully when he is around, don't you? Of course we don't mean eeeeeeieieileieneii
that he steals intentionally, but—anyway be careful.

And Jane Hibbert—wasn't she the cutest thing? She gave us the proper expression to use when we want to say, "Oh this is so sudden" We never knew how before. Still it would excite one to be proposed to by such a handsome individual as Harold Brown.

Did you know that Beth Boyack was deaf? we didn't—and we didn't know just how motherly she could be either, but Beth seems to be able to play a good many parts—not all motherly either.

Of course the pair we were most surprised at was Alice Ludlow and Karl King. Thieves! Sh-h-h! But beware of them. How do you know that Karl hasen't slipped a ruby ring in your pocket right now? And we always thought that Alice was such a nice girl.

The rest of them were just as good. The play was just one continuous startling situation after another—one laugh provoked another. In fact we were forced to snicker at so many things we haven't come to the end of them yet! When we think we have all we need to do is to think of the way West Parkenson said, "I'm an Episcopolian". Tee Hee!

It came out so good too. We didn't want Ina and Fred to lose all their beautiful gifts, that would be sad, wouldn't it?

But we did want the thieves to get away, and they didn't, and they did.

Professor Pardoe, The play was an immense success—We are looking forward to the next one

———Y———

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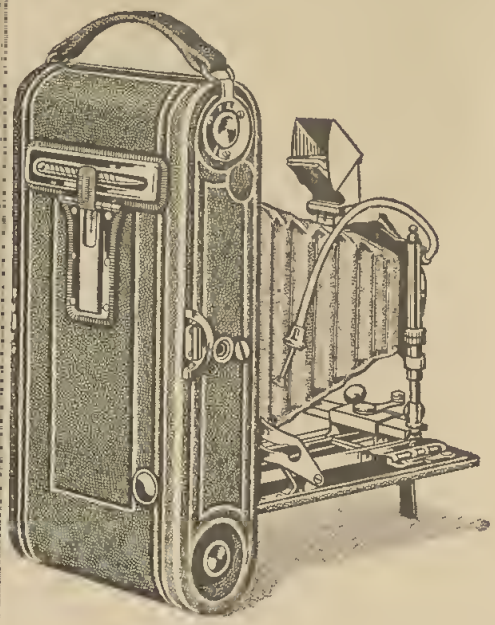

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STATE DEBATING TEAMS CHOSEN

Saturday at 3.30 p. m. sixteen students entered the debating tryouts. An eight minute presentation speech, and a two minute rebuttal was given by each of the contestants. As a result of these tryouts, the judges, Professors Christen Jensen, J. M. Jensen, and Snow, selected the following debaters to represent the "Y" this year. Baliff, Wilkinson, Harter, Maw, Murdock, Gladys Loynd, Vesta Pierce, Grace Nixon, Newman and Parkinson.

From these people six will be selected to meet the A. C. U. and the U. of U. in the state triangle, two will be sent to Reno, and there meet the University of Nevada. Dixie Normal will send a two man team here to meet two of our Freshmen and Sophomore debaters.

Of the ten debaters chosen, seven were of last year's squad. Maw and Murdock two of the new men are both experienced high school debaters they will no doubt, be a valuable addition to our squad. Vesta Pierce, the other new member has an enviable record in the past as an orator and is sure to be one of our stalwarts. One very striking feature of the tryouts is that all three girls entering won a place on the team

———Y———

Pardoe in Theology—"Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed?"

Tom—"Noah."

Pardoe..."You are wrong. Don't the god book say that Noah came fourth? So there must have been three ahead of him."

———

Brother Snow in history—" Can you tell me which battle Nelson was killed in?"

Vic Taylor (after a moments pause) —"I think it was his last"

———

Mistress—"I am not quite satisfied with your references."

Applicant—"Naythur am I mum; but they's the best I could get."

———

What are you writing such a big hand for Reed?

Reed—Why, you see my grandmother is deaf and I'm writing a loud letter to her.

———

LEAP YEAR DANCE TONIGHT LADIES' GYM.

MYRA'S XMAS EVE.

Continued on Page 23

I found out who the stingy people were along Church Street. You know some people are just that stingy that they won't even open the door." said another scout.

"Say fellows, this is more fun than being in the way in the kitchen and still not being allowed to go into another room." responded still another of the scouts who had answered Mrs. Bently's call for help.

"How many things did you get Jimmy?"

"Oh, about all I could carry."

And so they chatted on until Mrs. Bently again called them, but this was for a little warm refreshments and by the time they were through eating the older neighbors had gathered around the house.

"Ready?"

"All ready."

"Come on let's go."

And the joyous crowd followed a beautifully decorated tree to Myra's house.

A gentle rap at the door and Myra half afraid unlocked the thin partition between her and the cold winter wind and let in a gush of the truest kind of Christmas spirit.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the crowd together.

Helplessly, Myra stepped aside and two scouts brought in the little Christmas tree. They were followed by more scouts, each of whom carried bundles which they laid around the tree. They all wished her and Jack and Harold a "Very Merry Christmas" and were gone.

By this time Myra had regained her breath and asked the folks in.

"Oh, look what we have got shouted Harold "did Santa Claus send you with all these things?"

"Yes, dear, yes," answered Mrs. Bently.

Soon the crowd was singing and laughing, but before Myra could express her appreciation to them, they were gone.

"Merry Christmas and peace on earth good will to man" rang like heavenly music in her ears. It was far into the night before she turned from the many things which had been brought toward her bed. There was a faint smile vpon her lips, her eyes were filled, but this time with tears of joy and thankfulness.

——Y——

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Our Pilgrim Fathers

'Twas long ago, as you have heard
That our Pilgrim Fathers started
To worship God the way they chose
From their dear land they parted

They sailed to Holland where they became
So very discontent
That they built a ship called Mayflower
And to Plymouth town they went.

And then when they had landed
Very pleased were they
To know that here in freedom
They could worship and could pray

Their colony at Plymouth
The Lord did greatly bless
And so our Pilgrim Fathers
Met with great success

—Dorothy Oakley
Training School

—Y—

"Did the fisherman have frog-legs, Margaret?"

"Sure I couldn't see, mum, he had his pants on."

Harder—Why do you wear your stockings wrong side outward?

Pyne—Because there is a hole on the other side.

LEAP YEAR DANCE after Debate. Girls, Get Busy.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please forward the right woman—I'm very easy to please. I only ask that she likes Biolcogy and adors Botany.

Hopefully,
William H.

Dear Santa:
I just want an asbestoes screen to protect me from Randall's fiery looks

Vesta P.

———Y———

Theology Teacher— "Who was Moses?"
Jack Lloyd—"A sheep herder."

———

Miss Eggertsen—"I wonder how many disappointed boys there will be when I get married?"
Professor Brown—"It all depends upon how many you marry"

———

Hindu—"Have you heard my last joke?"
Bill Snow—"I hope so."

———

She—"I think after all this hard work you need some kind of recreation. So since its leap year I am going to ask you to allow-er-that is--allow me to take you to the dance or any other place you care to go. Providing of course, you are not otherwise engaged or have some good reason for not caring to go."
He—"Well, now that is awfully sweet of you, but———"
She—"Of course if you don't care to go to the dance—It really means nothing to me—only I honestly think you need to go some place besides—
He.—"What?"
She—"Oh—I—Nothing."
He—"Please tell me."
She—"Well if you would really like to know, I would like to take you some place because I'm proud of you."
He—"Are you? Why?"
She—"Oh, because."
He—"Of course I will go."

———Y———

Dear Santa:
Please help Professor Pardoe pick out a play where Fred won't have to love some girl.

Anxiously
MaudDixon

Dear Santa:
All I want is an automatic proof reader so that I can step out more evenings.

Ernest Wilkinson

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B. Y. U. BAND IS A GREAT SUCCESS

B. Y. U. PROUD OF ITS MILITARY BAND

The B. Y. U. is proud of the splendid showing of its Military Band this year. We do not hesitate in saying that ours is the best school band in the state.

To have success in this line of work requires a leader with ability to organize, keep together, and get the most out of each individual of the organization. Professor Sauer has such qualifications and the members feel that they are highly favored in receiving his valuable instructions.

All who are or have been students in the B. Y. U. will testify that they have been lifted to a higher sphere of enjoyment by listening to the music of its band. Besides playing for the student body activities it has played in some of the wards, taken part in public performances, and has furnished entertainment for several high schools of the state. We take great pleasure in serving those who can appreciate good music.

With our present strength of thirty five pieces, we are accomplishing much good and the prospects for the future are even brighter.

—A member

——Y——

SPANISH CLUB

The Tertulia Espanola entertained at their first reunion on Monday. It was a Christmas party and we played games appropriate and then we played games that would be lots of fun any time. We had to make words out of letters in one game and Don Horace Day won the prize because he was so industrious and enterprizing that he made twenty-eight words where most of us thought we would win if we had eighteen.

We had the Senoritas Nelson and Swartenburger dance for us some spanish dances, which were very beautiful.

Then we had the Pinata. That was an immense success. You should have seen some of those muchachos scramble for the contents of the basket.

Altogether it was a very successful party. All of us were there and we are all coming again. Maybe it will be because of those "buenas cosas a comer" that will help to bring us.

RADIO SOCIETY CONTINUES ACTIVITIES

The society was organized last year for the purpose of creating interest in the study and operation of wireless.

Tuesday, December 14th a meeting was held at which it was decided to continue activities this year A committee under Mr McIntosh was appointed to outline a lecture series.

The club will meet in room 13-H every Tuesday at 5·30 All interested are invited to join.

THE PROFS'. KIDS WAX COCKY

Be it known to all kindred tongue and people, that we, the undersigned Profs sons, being of sound body and mind, and in the presence of witneses do hereby officialy challenge the member of the "Y" faculty, double or single, old and young, shaved and unshaved, to contest in any form of athletics in cluding, horseshoe, basket ball, tennis, base ball, volley ball, running, jumping etc. Be it also known that we will regard any failure to acknowledge this challenge, thru these columns or personally, will be deemed an acknowledgement of their inability to cope with the rising generation.

signed:
Truman Partridge
Bill Snow
Harold Brown
Lyman Brown
Dan Keeler

——Y——

Princeton Debate tonight, 7.45 p. m. College Hall.

Wishing you all the joys of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

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You will want some beautiful gifts, ..We carry the finest line in the City, and save you money.
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SANTA CLAUS'S OVERFLOW

Dear Santa:
Please send me a milage book to Spanish Fork—(I'm a little low on funds.)

West Parkinson

Dear Santa:
Please send me some rattlesnakes, a Mountain Lion, a bear, a coyote, an eagle and a few frogs.

Cottom

Santa, Old Man:
I'm president of the Freshies and awfully popular. The girls think I'm grand but I'm so shy, so please send me some nerve.

Roy Whitehead

Say, Old Boy:
If it can be done please elevate Jane so that I can whisper in her ear without dislocating my spinal column or getting a mouthfull of hair.

Your Old Friend,
Bill Snow

Now Santa:
This is private and my wail sounds like the lost Chord because I've lost the receipe to my "Christmas Spirits". Sh, this is a bargain if you'll tell me how many days to keep it I'll go fifty-fifty.

"Bunk" Brown

Dear Santa Claus:
"For East is East and West is West", I'm not getting poetic this is the point: Can't you please move Altha's house closer to mine, I'm developing an athletic heart walking so far.

Greatfully,
Elmer B.

Santa old Dear:
I'm so happy that it will take very little to complete it. Algie and I, after talking it over, have decided that we will ask for very little. This is it in brief: A nice big lot on a paved street with a modern little bungalow (probably a Pierce Arrow). Yes, Santa that is all we'll need this year.

Considerately:
George Baliff

Darling Santa:
Please give Tom a perminant job in Provo, They're lots nicer.

Regina

Dear Santa:
Please send me a top.

Ross Bean

Santa:
All I want is an invitation to the Girls leap year dance. I can't imagine who will ask me.
Dan Keeler.

Santa Dear:
Can't you please let my red headed missionary friends visit me about Christmas. I do need a diversion.
Lorna B.

Dear Santa:
Please return my perfectly good reputation, everybody takes me for a thief after "Stop Thief".
King

Dearest Santa Claus:
Can't you make me a mother-in law permanently. It is so much fun behind the scenes. Ouch! that sounds bat, doesn't it?
Wanda B.

Say Old Man:
Send me a girl, exactly like my old girl, and do it quick.
Kenneth Weight

Dear Santa:
Send longer Holidays. There's not nearly so much competition when every body is home .
Strike W.

Dear Friend Santa:
Please send us some funds so that we can pay all our bills, have more parties, more good times and more bills.
The College Class

Dearest Santa:
Kindly send me one reliable Ouiga Board because the future is so full of—well—future, that I need its help.
Alice L.

Santa Darling:
Won't you please send Colorado home in time for Christmas?
Trustingly,
Grace Nixon

Dear Santa:
What I want is a book of instructions entitled, "Hints to the Bashful'., I must know how its done so that I can have my fun with the other fellows.
"Limy" Merrill

Dear Santa:
Please send springtime. Now don't wink, it's not women—it's base ball.
Jerry D.

Dear Santa:
Please send me a vocabulary that I can handle.
Harter

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GREATNESS OF GIVING

Continued from Page 13

"My God hast thau forsaken me." He died an awful death. His pains were derided His teachings scorned, His mother's heart was broken and in the midst of tears, "Earth trembled and all nature sighed, In dread response at God has died"

So the foreordained Redeemer marked the way to that stern reality of choice which gave Him again that position as the great Advisor, Counsel Executive, and the Advocate with the Father of us all "Struggle and stress made Him strong. Through unwavering obedient effort and inconceivable sacrifice and greatness, He gave all and received all.

"He climbed the heights, where fame central lane,
White is the gleaming cloak of Mount Hill
Rests as a mantle fadeless, faultless, pure."

What then should be the greatness—the ideal toward which we shall work? What does Yule-Tide bring us—just presents? No Opportunities to give—just to give, yea opportunities to be really great Great minds are great because they can give. But greater still is the soul that gives It isn't the crowning that makes the king but man's giving (where God desires him to give) is the thing that makes the soul great It is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

——Y——

AWAKENING OF JIM HARVARD

Continued from Page 8

usualness of this call brought a fear to Harvard that he was to be punished because of breach of prison discipline in conversing with the warden's daughter. The only joy that had made the last month bright would possibly be taken away from him As he neared the office of the warden, he heard sounds of little Jean's voice

"Yes he said to himself, I have done wrong in the sight of the warden by having an interest in his daughter Oh why did this reproof have to come on Christmas morning?"

The warden greeted him as a man greets his friend. "Well, my man, it is Christmas, and as a gift to you the state gives your release I have witnessed the change, and am only too thankful to God that my little girl has made your life nobler If your own little girl loves you as much as our own little Jean does, I am sure that your life will be one of happiness and service to others."

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BASKET BALL GAME

Continued on Page 31

reporter, made it appear that it was the B. Y. U. College team that was beaten one point by the Pleasant Grove High School. This is absolutely wrong. It was the B. Y. U. High School second team that met defeat by one point at the hands of the P. G. quintet. The team that met P. G. was made up of Langford, Hatch, Young, Kimball, McIntosh and Nuttall all of them high school students. Kimball McIntosh has a brother Don McIntosh playing on the college team and these two have been confused. It would appear from this that the Y. H. S. is in line for the championship inasmuch as Pleasant Grove a last years tournament team could only beat the second team one point, and as Pleasant Grove has beaten the L. D. S. already this season.

It is regretable that such false reports utterly unfair to the B. Y. U. should appear in our daily papers. Square deals in sports should be accompanied by a square deal in the reports

—Y—

Someone threw a head of cabbage at an Irish orator while he was making a speech once. He paused a second and said "Gentlemen, I only askd for your ears, I don't care for your heads" He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

The only way you can get flattery over is to camouflage.

Miss Reynolds

Don't love your girl beyond control

Arch Reynolds

—Y—

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—o—

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